ATTENTION: ALL NEWCOMERS TO THE SOCIETY

Other Members Not Included

In keeping with the theme of this issue, let's touch again on the period of the Civil War. VHS members of long-standing will pooh-pooh this oft-told story — but there are many newcomers — folks from all sections of the country, not claiming to be historians, but who are frank to explain their support of this Society by the fact that they love Vermont, its history and its traditions. So, for them . . .

We have a question that has been put night after night to the listeners of a local radio quiz program (one your staff assists with as a means of popular education in Vermont history). Question: *It is believed that the Civil War was fought far from the boundaries of Vermont, although we do know that Vermonters played an important part at Bull Run, Gettysburg, etc. But there was one raid on Vermont. What was it?* Answer: *It was the raid on St. Albans, by a Confederate group, who had escaped from a Chicago prison and came down from Canada. Several buildings were burned, and the group walked off (or rather rode) with over* $200,000.

The group had come down from Canada in twos and threes, after escaping from Fort Douglas prison near Chicago. The original plan was to free their fellow prisoners at the Fort, but this had failed, and the raid was made with the intent of creating terror among Vermonters and relieving pressure on the armies struggling against General Grant.

The raiders entered three banks in St. Albans, made off with the loot, attempted to set fire to the city, and then stole horses to make good their escape. Later, thirteen of the group were arrested in Canada and at their trial, it was declared that the Court had no jurisdiction. The $80,000 which had been found at the time of capture was returned to the Confederates, and they were permitted to go free. Another trial was held, and the Dominion judge declared the raid a legitimate act of war and again the prisoners were released. Canada compensated the St. Albans banks with $88,000!

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MONTPELIER, VERMONT.
Hon. Leon S. Gay, President; Dr. Arthur W. Peach, Director; Mrs. Madelyn Davidson, Editor.

VHS *News and Notes*
VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Montpelier, Vermont

Sec. 34.66
P. L. & R.

THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MONTPELIER, VERMONT

News & Notes

A MONTHLY NEWSLETTER FOR ALL MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY

Volume 2 March 1951 Number 7

Head Table, (left to right), Vrest Orton, Mrs. Cummings, Ralph N. Hill, (chairs for Col. Allen, Mrs. Allen, Col. Warner who entered later), Gov. Emerson, Pres. Gay, Mr. Cummings, Mrs. Emerson, Lt. Gov. Johnson; others at head table but not showing in picture — Mrs. Gay, Speaker Fay and Mrs. Fay, Mrs. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Earle W. Newton.

CUMMINGS CLAIMS SECURITY IS FOUND IN VERMONT

Woodstock Man Presents Views at Annual Dinner

"Vermont is the plausible place in a confused world to find a certain sense of security—but its way of survival is not easy," was the keynote of the address of Philip H. Cummings of Woodstock, nationally known speaker on historical topics. A native of Hardwick, Cummings spoke to 178 guests at the Society's highly successful annual dinner on February 27th at the Pavilion Hotel in Montpelier.

Cummings based his talk on the weary and painful trek of the over one hundred captives from the tiny settlement of Deerfield, which marked the northernmost extent of Massachusetts settlement, north through the Green Mountains into Canada in February of 1704. You will remember that the Reverend John Williams was in the group, and in his narrative he was forced to record the murder of his wife and the alienation of his son, who refused to return to the white man's way of life. Upon this trek and others of captives through what is now Vermont is based the pioneer man's determination to survive, Cummings pointed out. What is it that makes people persevere? How was the pattern to survive in this state formed? The answers can be found by looking back to the treks of these captives.

Here are some other points of Cummings' talk — "This Way We've Come."

A Vermonter's way of life is not an easy one, but it is an anchor in which reason is brought to prevail. Adjustments must be made with a "tough" climate, and with living enclosed in a small area. Vermont is an excellent example of a peaceful settlement of what makes wars. To live and let live — and to rise together only in an emergency. And there is the other side, too, when Vermonters brag of a free republic and declared war (World War II) before the rest of the country. But this kind of action is merely a gesture, for every Vermonter realizes that he could not survive without his neighbor. And he takes a desperate pride, not a false pride, in establishing and maintaining respect for the individual. "Ours is not a land of palms nor gentle space, but a rocky lion-beaten den," in which we husband our strength, respect our neighbor, work together, remember the past, and work in the present for the future.

President Leon S. Gay acted as toastmaster, and among our honored guests were Governor and Mrs. Lee E. Emerson, Lieut. Gov. and Mrs. Joseph B. Johnson, Wallace M. Fay, Speaker of the House, and Mrs. Fay. And in Governor Emerson's remarks, he praised the efforts of the Society in building its membership from 300, seven years ago, to the present total of 1560.

President Gay Opening Banquet

Two Vermont ballads from the collection of Mrs. Helen Hartness Flanders, *A Garland of Green Mountain Song* ($1.00 from VHS), were sung by Mrs. Robert Kelley of Montpelier. And the evening's entertainment was highlighted by the actual appearance of Colonel Ethan and Mrs. Allen and Colonel Seth Warner, in the full dress of their day.

Col. Warner in uniform of Rangers, (Sheldon H. Miller), Mrs. Allen (Mrs. Charlotte M. Karr), Col. Allen (Paul Guare).

At the afternoon's business meeting, Dr. Peach was re-elected director and newly elected curators were: Dr. Jeremiah K. Durick, Dr. M. C. Twitchell, Jr., and Prof. W. E. Aiken, all of Burlington, and Dr. Crane Brinton of Harvard University and Peacham. Vrest Orton was added as vice-president. A full list of the officers will appear in the next issue of the *Quarterly*.

We plan a summer meeting, since each one becomes more successful, with more members coming from greater distances. We'll be sure to give you plenty of notice, as so many of you have asked, so that you can plan your vacations around the trip to Vermont.

SCRIPT OF HISTORICAL SKIT AT ANNUAL DINNER

Col. and Mrs. Allen and Col. Warner Speak

As a special feature for the annual dinner, a script was prepared by our director, and we gained his impressions of Col. and Mrs. Allen and Col. Warner through their personal appearance. He wishes to make it clear that the scripts were experimental and merely represented an effort to re-create for the dinner guests one version, at least, of the personalities of the three Vermonters of long ago. Our readers who are students of the Allens and Warner may prefer other versions. These are the actual acting scripts.

COL. ETHAN ALLEN (Paul Guare)

Manner—dominating, commanding, assured, but not bombastic.

Voice—strong, measured, the voice of a man used to being obeyed.

Mood—serious, easily aroused, yet shifting to a half "jollying" tone.

(Leon S. Gay, president of VHS, will be at the head table as toastmaster. Allen will go to it with Mrs. Allen and Col. Warner following.)

ALLEN: (*extends hand to Gay*) I am Col. Ethan Allen, and you, sir?

GAY: Leon S. Gay, Esquire, of Cavendish.

ALLEN: (*Sharply, with a half smile*) Cavendish! A hotbed of Tories!

GAY: Not quite so hot as Brattleboro and Guilford.

ALLEN: (*With heat and disgust*) Brattleboro! Guilford! Damnation — No! But I put the fear of God and Ethan Allen into them! (*turns to Mrs. Allen and Col. Warner*) Esquire, this is Mrs. Allen — Col. Warner. (*They will bow to Gay, but no words will be spoken; then they will seat themselves, Allen removing his wife's cloak. The idea is to give audience time to note costumes and also to try to figure out who the actors are before the dialogue starts.*)

GAY: Col., will you say a few words to these citizens of the Grants?

ALLEN: (*heartily*) That I will! I have been waiting 170 years to do it! (*seriously and forcibly*) What is this I hear about fear in this land? Fear of tomorrow, and now and then despair? The blood of men who followed me is in your sons, now fighting in far off lands. We who rode the wilderness trails long ago on the lonely hill ridges and the wild deep valleys; we who stood in the dusk before Ticonderoga, expecting to hear each moment the guns open on us from the gloomy and silent walls above us; we who marched the long and bitter miles to Montreal and defeat — we knew the meaning of fear, but we knew far more — that where free men stand firm, tyranny falls, and chains are shattered! . . . The 300 Spartans who died at Thermopylae 25 centuries ago defending their homeland are forever remembered; the hosts of Persians who attacked them are forgotten. So has it been, so shall it be, from everlasting to everlasting! (*mood changes from a driving, challenging tone to a slightly "kidding" one until toward the end. Pace of voice is slower, then increases to climax, but all through it is the tone of a man used to mastery of himself and others.*)

I am aware that a few oldsters — who should know better — and young bloods have sought to debunk me in recent books and speeches — to use your delightful modern word "debunk" . . . They need a few twigs of the wilderness laid on the seats of their rayon shorts . . . but I forgive them, of course. They belong to the *dying present* — I to the *living past* . . . and not myself alone. The wilderness cabin is gone; the Indian trails rustle no more to the steps of moccasined feet; Bennington and Catamount Tavern are a memory and a name; but they who lived, fought and toiled, dreamed and died among these hills live now in memories and traditions — and here among their beloved hills keep their silent watch still. Take care then (*smiles slightly*) lest at some midnight hour down streets of betrayal you see shadowy horsemen come. There will be no sound of steel against steel, no ring of hooves on stone, no whisper of leather against leather, and never a spoken word — but the Green Mountain Boys will be riding again. So I warn you and bid you — *keep faith with the past!* Strong and firm the foundations of your homeland and mine were laid. Build on them! (*he lifts his hand with a gay gesture and sits down.*)

COL. SETH WARNER (Sheldon Miller)

Manner—Calm, reserved, direct even glance, seldom smiling.

Voice—Speaks slowly, calmly, but gives a sharp emphatic thrust to an important sentence.

Mood—Even, cool, steady — man not easily moved.

GAY: Col. Warner, we know you as a soldier whose great service has not been adequately recognized by Congress or Vermont. We shall be glad to hear from

you—and perhaps you will tell us a bit about Hubbardton.

WARNER: Sir, I will, but I shall speak without bitterness or regret. I saw service with Ethan in 1775, with Montgomery at Montreal, with Wooster in the retreat from Montreal where I commanded the rear guard. In the retreat of St. Clair from Ticonderoga toward Castleton and Rutland, I again commanded the rear guard . . . (*faint smile*). That seemed to me my destiny—to command rear guards . . . But through all the actions of the years, I heard one voice speak to me—my country; I heard one word—duty. I listened. (*slight shift to a more emphatic and earnest tone*)

It *is* true that during my absence from home in the service my property was sold to meet taxes. It *is* true that Congress, though applied to, did not aid my family except in small measure in their destitute years; it *is* true that the Vermont legislature granted me 2000 acres in Essex county—that proved to be of no value . . . I repeat: I speak without bitterness and regret.

(*quiet tone but forceful emphasis*)

However, it is *not* true that I was defeated at Hubbardton as tradition and a sign now near the knoll where Col. Francis died imply . . . A rear guard action is a delaying action. You fight and retreat, pause and fight again, to give the main army a chance to escape . . . At Hubbardton, with my Green Mountain men in the key position, I stopped the British General Fraser and his troops, then, there, and forever. If the Massachusetts men and my veterans had not stopped him, he would have followed the beaten St. Clair on—to what end? *The history made at Bennington might never have been.*

I speak not for myself—the need has passed—but for those who stood their ground, who fought and died there. Remember them, I ask you, in all the years to come. Hubbardton should not be a shadowy name, but a noble and shining one in all your annals.

My faith is strong in men born and bred among these hills. I knew them; I led them. They are among you now—silent men often—men who know two words—country and duty. Call to them in your time of need; they will answer. Call upon them. They will answer in your home towns, in legislative halls, on battlefields if they must be, when the word is given. Peace be to the hills I loved, and peace to you.

(*quietly turns and sits down, paying no attention to applause.*)

MRS. ETHAN ALLEN

(Mrs. Charlotte M. Karr)

Manner—pleasant, smiling, alert, with a mischievous eye, often a toss of the head—*vivacious.*

Voice—teasing, bantering, suddenly tender and gentle.

Mood—quick changes as suggested in notes on voice.

GAY: Mrs. Allen, why not tell us something about Col. Allen?

MRS. (*surprised*) About Ethan? Nay-*Nay!* He speaks about himself very well—and often too much! There is a story abroad that I threw a pile of dishes at him—I really heaved them! If I did, he really deserved them—even two piles . . . Nay, what I have to say is largely for the girls and ladies present—although the gentlemen may listen—as they usually do—even if not invited . . . But, seriously, (*careful and slow phrasing with tender undertone*) no one in the wide, wide world really knows a man except the woman who loves him. What I know of Ethan's love for me is my secret—mine always . . . You know . . . *Mine.* But I will tell you of one happy, and in a way amusing—for Ethan was fun—hour . . . My stepfather owned 60,000 acres of Vermont land. He committed suicide, strangely enough; and I inherited 20,000 acres. I went with my mother to Westminster to look into the matter. Ethan came with an eye on the acres, may be, and then an eye on me, perhaps . . . He stood tall above other men, bronzed, dominating, big-voiced . . . But you can't explain—not with words. Every woman knows why and how she comes to love a man, even if men, less intelligent than we are don't . . . Why do we marry them? That's another question, is it not? . . . Anyway, there was a quarrel in the town—trouble with the Yorkers, and Ethan chased them away . . . If they had chased him! (*pause*) But I don't need to think of that now. (*as if a bit annoyed*) But he evidently thought he could handle me as he did the Yorkers, and word got around. A tavern keeper, John Norton—they seem to know a lot of men's secrets . . . wonder why? . . . came to me and said: "If you marry General Allen, you will be queen of a new state." Imagine — advice from a bar-room! I said: "If I should marry the devil, I should be queen of Hell." (*fairly slow so that details of the incident can be picked up*) Then one morning, very early, I was in a room in Stephen Bradley's house where I was boarding, arranging a china closet, standing on a chair with a decanter in my hand, when Ethan came in . . . I told him people didn't make calls so early in the morning. He, *of course,* had an excuse—military duties and he must go to Sunderland. Then he said, "If we are to be married, now is the time." I put the decanter back on the shelf and said sweetly, (*I hope*): "Very well, but give me time to put on my Joseph—my riding cloak." We crossed the hall to the room where Ethan's old friend, Judge Robinson, was eating breakfast, and Ethan said, "Judge, this young woman (I was 26, Ethan 47) and I have concluded to marry each other and have you perform the ceremony." The Judge looked up in astonishment and said: "When?" "Now," said Ethan . . . See how it happened? . . . Ah, no, you don't . . . What he said and I said you know—but not what my heart said . . . (*slowly through here*) I'll give you a hint. In your State Museum is a set of my earrings—lovely, lovely ones. They will speak to you of me. And in a book in your State Library you will find these words in Ethan's own handwriting—

Dear Fanny wife—the beautiful and young—the partner of my joys—my dearest self—to thee a compliment I write . . .

May some one you love speak thus of you and to you some day! His words will make sweet the years, and be with you and be yours—forever.

(*blow the audience a kiss*)

Mr. Guare, Mr. Miller, and Mrs. Karr are members of the Montpelier Theatre Guild.

WHAT IS THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY?

What does it do?

The following was prepared for the members of the 1951 Legislature as a brief report to the members of basic phases of our work.

What It Is

Men come and go; Vermont and its history stays. On November 5, *1838,* by act of the Legislature, the Vermont Historical Society was created—113 years ago; and through all the years since, through all the social and economic changes that time has brought, the Society has held steadily to one goal—to preserve and make available to all Vermonters and others the history of the State which is, in brief, the traditions of the State. It is the traditions of the past, holding true in generation after generation of Vermont lives, that have made the State throughout America the symbol of free men standing sturdily for the rights of free men. Distinguished and able Vermonters, including Governor Hiland Hall in the far off days, and Governor Wm. W. Stickney in nearer times, have served as presidents of the Society; and, under their leadership, with the cooperation of other leading Vermonters on the Board of Curators, the Society has maintained an unbroken record of service to the State for more than a century. "Vermont is the last state left in the Union where a man may possess his own soul," a member of the Brown University faculty said about twenty-five years ago. He may not be entirely right; but it is the long past, not the swift present, that has made the State what it is. Although local historical societies certainly help in their sections and communities, the Vermont Historical Society is the *only* one that covers the State as a whole and thinks in terms of the entire state, that seeks to preserve history not only for the present generation but for generations far into the future. To that end, its officers and its Board of Curators and the staff of the Society are dedicated; and in attaining that goal they invite the aid of all true Vermonters.

What It Does

In its Museum, it tries to preserve the symbols and relics of the past that speak clearly, though silently, of lives and deeds of years gone by to a present generation that they may see and understand. Through the Museum in 1951 will pass 50,000—thousands of tourists coming to the Capitol, hosts of Vermont children, students and scholars from afar. To this Museum gifts are constantly coming, not only from Vermonters in the State, but from descendants of Vermonters in other states.

The Society publishes a quarterly magazine, *Vermont Quarterly,* widely recognized as an outstanding magazine of history, carrying authentic articles on Vermont history; also a monthly, *News and Notes.* Books of lasting value are also published, such as the recent *The Vermont Lease Lands* (published with the aid of the Legislature of '49) which will be of use to Vermonters as long as there is Vermont land and rights thereto.

The Society answers thousands of questions each year, from school children, teachers, scholars, and Vermonters in the State and outside, and from questioners about Vermont history in all the states. It has a low membership fee for our librarians ($1.25), and it hopes to extend its program to all the rural schools and their teachers. Any Vermonter or any friend of Vermont is eligible for membership at a low fee of $3.00 which covers the publications mentioned and all services. As for finances, it will cost over $60,000 to run the Society for '52 and '53. The Society is asking the legislature to appropriate about $14,000 for '52 and $15,000 for '53. The balance of $31,000 will be raised by the Society. Every working hour of every day the Society works for Vermont; every penny of the small appropriation asked for will be made to count.

Leon S. Gay, President

Arthur W. Peach, Director

MATTHEW LYON COLLECTION COMES TO VHS

A Gift for the Years

Through the generosity of George Adams Ellis (VHS) of Bennington, a valuable collection of materials dealing with Matthew Lyon becomes the property of the Society which will be useful to casual students and a necessity to scholars interested in Lyon and the period in which he lived.

The fiery Vermonter whose tempestuous career was lived in Vermont, Congress, and elsewhere, is evidently going to be of perennial appeal; and with this collection our Society library will become a headquarters for those who wish to understand and also unravel a life vigorously lived in the formative and stormy years of our country's history.

NEW RATE FOR LIBRARIANS

Sustaining Membership Available

A short time ago, Vermont librarians were notified of the new yearly active membership rate available to them for $1.25 per year. Now, for $3.00, librarians may be eligible for the sustaining classification, which gives them four issues of the *Quarterly,* twelve issues of the monthly news letter, as well as a book dividend (publication of the Society). If you're a librarian, wouldn't you like to take advantage of this?

COASTING ON A CODFISH

A Vermonter Would Think of It

A loyal member of VHS, Mr. Arthur H. Keyes of Rutland, sends us this true anecdote:

"In 1868, my great uncle, Josiah Quincy Hawkins, a lawyer who lived in Brandon, Vt., was stopping one night at the Franklin Hotel on Main Street in Rutland. He had come to Rutland that day to do his shopping and had purchased a whole cod among other things. A fire broke out in the hotel that night which destroyed the hotel and the old Court House next door. Mr. Hawkins had a room on the second story looking out on the piazza. At that time, Rutland had only a volunteer fire department. Some one secured a plank and put it up against the window sill of Mr. Hawkin's room. He seized the codfish, put it on the plank, sat down on it, and slid to the ground and safety. The codfish probably saved his life that night."

We have among our plans for the future the idea of running articles in the *Quarterly* which will tell the story of some of the old hotels and inns of the past, including those no longer functioning and those very much alive now with the past gracious in them and upon them. If any reader has information and contacts with such hotels or others might wish to make a hobby of studying some of them, we hope they will get in touch with us.

Mr. Keyes adds an interesting note about the Franklin House which was the scene of the cascading cod: "The old Franklin House was dedicated July 4, 1851. J. Pratt was the proprietor. A big ball was held. There were 57 names on the Dedication Programme as the 'Committee on Arrangements' from Rutland and surrounding towns. Among these names were H. Henry Baxter, J. N. Baxter, G. W. Hodges, Wm. Gilmore, G. W. Strong, Charles Slason. Gershom Cheney was the proprietor of the hotel when it burned in 1868. The hotel and court house were located half way between the Lindholm Block and the George T. Chaffee marble residence."

VALUABLE HISTORICAL ENGRAVINGS COME TO SOCIETY

National Life Insurance Company Deposits Valuable Collection

The Society is the recipient of between 400 and 500 fine engravings of Vermont historical scenes and subjects. Many of you will recall the National Life's nationwide advertising, and the engravings that were used have now come to the Society. Famous metropolitan artists, whose names you will recognize, made the original drawings—Roy F. Heinrich did about half of the series, then Morton Stoops and, lastly, Amos Sewall, who today illustrates fiction pieces for the *Saturday Evening Post.* We have great plans for their use! We wish, on behalf of every one of our members, to thank the National Life Insurance Company for their generosity.

A TRUE GRANDFATHER CLOCK STORY

And It Keeps Perfect Time!

These old grandfather clocks certainly have interesting histories; and here is one of them. Do you know one?

Mrs. Norman E. Borden (VHS) writes: "We have a grandfather's clock in Berlin, Vt., which my great-grandfather owned. He took a load of sixty bushels of wheat with an ox team and drove to Connecticut and *swapped* the wheat for this grandfather's clock. It was a thing of great value to him after all that journey; and the clock still keeps perfect time although the shadow of the pendulum hasn't worn a hole through the back as in your 'tall-story'."

I asked Mrs. Borden for a bit more information about a Vermonter who would drive that long distance for a clock—he belonged, thanks be, to a breed of men that I hope will never die out. She writes: "Elijah Andrews was born in 1758 in Eastbury, Conn., and moved to Vermont in 1796, settling in Berlin, where he built a log cabin with dirt floor. The cabin had a huge fireplace into which he drew eight foot logs with his oxen. One of Elijah's sons, Asa (1812-1878), inherited the farm. He had ten children, served as lieutenant in the state militia, and also in the Vermont Legislature. Each fall he drove to Boston with a pair of oxen (210 miles) and traded his butter and cheese for a year's supply of tea, coffee, calico, Medford rum, etc." Asa made the trip for the clock. The clock belongs to Mrs. Borden's mother, Mrs. Charles Crandall, who is now eighty-six years old. A. W. P.

HOW TO JUDGE RARE BOOKS

8 Simple Rules To Follow

1. All books printed before 1600; American books before 1820.
2. Limited editions of 300 copies or less; autographed books; first editions of significance.
3. Books of esthetic importance—fine printing, illustration or binding.

4. Books which cost more than $50.
5. Items of local or archival interest, including local fine press books.
6. Books containing fine plates or fragile makeup.
7. Special collection volumes—unit acquisitions which need to be kept together.
8. Books with significant manuscript or other materials laid or glued in.

VHS RECEIVES MORE GIFTS AND LOANS

Many Valuable Accessions

May we extend our sincere thanks, on behalf of the Society's board members and those interested in its work, to the following persons who so generously have made donations or loans to the library and museum during the last month: Nelson T. Barden, *W. Pawlet;* Lee M. Friedman, *Boston, Mass.;* Col. Richardson Greene, *St. Albans;* Mrs. Cora B. Hawes, *Barre;* Edward A. Hoyt, *Montpelier,* for the Office of the Secretary of State; Abraham Kamber, *Brooklyn, N. Y.;* League of Women Voters, *Bennington;* Mrs. N. D. Potter, *Pinckney, Mich.;* Marjorie Wait, *Wilmette, Ill.* and Mrs. J. Watson Webb, *Shelburne* and *New York City.*

OUR STORY OF THE MONTH

Another Ethan Allen Anecdote

One of our loyal members sends in the following anecdote, saying that it was told by the late Milo S. McLaren of Barnet, Vermont. One of these days, we hope to begin collecting all the Ethan Allen stories, those that are authentic, and those that are not. The Allen tradition is, however, so deep and strong in Vermont, that manufactured stories will probably appear on the horizon for many years.

The story. During the period of Ethan Allen's confinement in Pendennis Castle in England, a minstrel show was staged which Ethan was allowed to attend. Various characters appeared on the stage. The first to appear was introduced as General Gates. "What is your profession in civil life?" he was asked. He replied: "I am a tinker." The next American general in parody form who appeared stated that in civil life he was a tailor, while the third, when he was questioned, said he was a cobbler. This was too much for the fiery Ethan, who broke loose from his guard, jumped onto the stage and shouted: "Three cheers for the Continental Congress! Great Britain, licked by tinkers, tailors, and cobblers, by God!"

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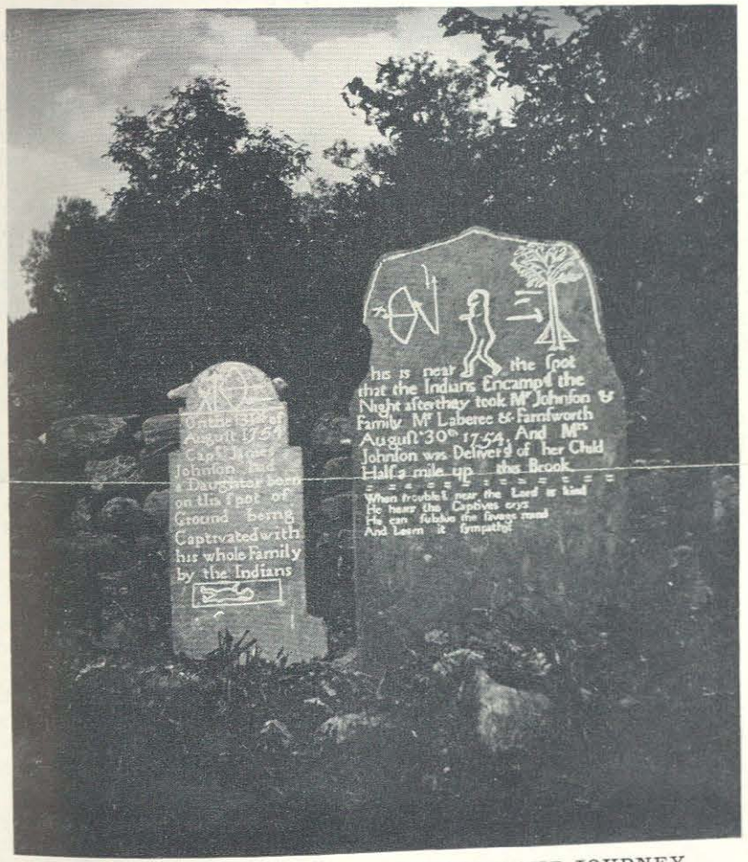
This is near the Spot
that the Indians Encamp'd the
Night after they took Mr Johnson &
Family Mr Laberee & Farnsworth
August 30th 1754, And Mrs
Johnson was Delivery'd of her Child
Half a mile up this Brook
When trouble's near the Lord is kind
He hears the Captives cry's
He can subdue the fiercest mind
And Learn it sympathy
On the 31st of
August 1754
Capt. James
Johnson had
a Daughter born
on this spot of
Ground being
Captivated with
his whole family
by the Indians

MRS. JOHNSON'S STORY OF HER VERMONT JOURNEY

These stones were erected to commemorate the capture of Captain James Johnson's family and others by the Indians at Charlestown, N. H., and the birth of Mrs. Johnson's daughter in Cavendish, Aug. 31, 1754, while the captives were on their way through Vermont to Canada.

The inscription on the stone at the left reads — "On the 31st of August, A. D. 1754, Captain James Johnson had a daughter born on this spot of ground; being captivated with his whole family by the Indians.

If mothers e'er should wander here,
They'll drop a sympathetic tear
For her, who in the howling wild,
Was safe delivered of a child."